

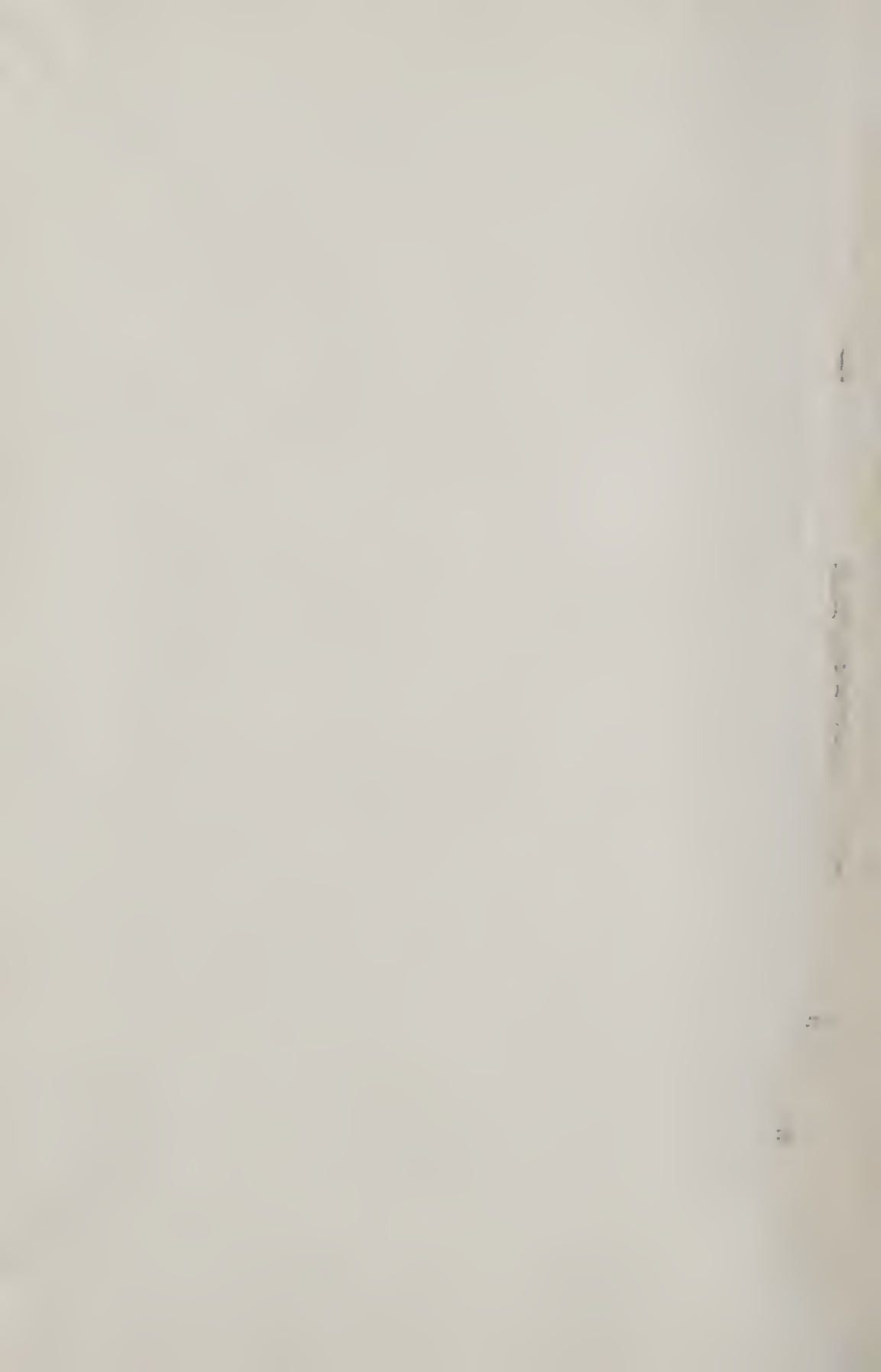
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# IRISH MAG

*"Her heart was gold,  
if her eye was bold."*

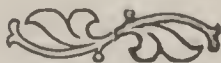
## THE RESURRECTION of SKINNY RAWLINS

### CAPTAIN JACK

*"Game to the end, and square."*



EARL WAYLAND BOWMAN



Caldwell, Idaho  
The Caxton Printers, Ltd.  
MCMXVI

PS3503  
0844-17  
1916

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DEC 27 1916

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No. 1.

*To*

*The best pals any "Ramblin' Kid" can have*

*A True Woman*

*A Game Little Horse*



# Irish Mag

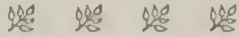
*“Her heart was gold,  
if her eye was bold.”*

*“She could look clean through a buckaroo  
an’ make him lay right down—”*

# Irish Mag

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**D**ID you ever know a galoot so low that *some-*  
*one* didn't care—  
Or hit a place where the human race  
didn't stack up part-way square?  
Now a man may sink till you would think  
the whole blamed works was bad;  
But woman stays, to the end of her days, *game*—  
an' durned if I ain't glad!



Her hair was red as a burnt sand brick an' her eyes  
were greenish brown,  
An' she could look clean through a buckaroo an'  
make him lay right down;  
Her finger was quick to turn a trick or to pull a  
Colt's an' shoot;  
But her heart was gold if her eye was bold—an'  
she a prostitute!

She was on her shift in Bonanza's place, a reg'lar  
den of sin,  
A peddlin' booze an' broad-horn news when th'  
Cimmaron stage drove in;  
When Cheyenne Bill had reined them still at th'  
door of th' hellish dive,  
There were only two he'd brought clean through on  
th' long an' blisterin' drive.

They weren't good fer a man to see, as th' looks of  
both would tell—

She was just a "Breed," an' she soon would need a  
ticket plumb to hell;  
An' 'twas plain to us th' ornery cuss she trailed  
along behind,  
Was the sort of brute you'd like to shoot—just th'  
mangy coyote kind.

His eyes were shifty an' his face was bad an' he  
didn't need a name—  
You could someway feel he would lie an' steal, or  
live by a woman's shame;  
An' th' girl he brought would never be sought by a  
man that wasn't drunk—  
But she was too damned good for th' thing that  
stood beneath a low-down skunk.

When they went inside to liquor their hide, th'  
crowd just spread apart  
From the brothel scum an' the thing that come—th'  
"Breed" with a broken heart.  
Mag gave one look an' her white hand shook, as she  
set th' booze in place—  
'Twas plain to most she'd seen a ghost when she  
looked on his bloated face.

With a snarlin' oath he bought for both an' called  
for red-eye straight—  
Th' woman drunk, with th' human skunk, a toast  
to her blackened fate;  
But we could easy tell th' fires of hell were blazin'  
in her soul,  
For a look of hate she gave her mate, when he  
pulled his greasy roll.

An' so they came to Chihuahua town an' started to  
rustle trade;  
But her stock was worn an' her beauty torn an'  
blamed few sales she made!

An' the dirty Chinks or booze-crazed ginks were all  
that came her way—  
He raved an' swore 'cause she didn't get more an'  
beat her every day!

Th' months slid by an' her sunken eye dulled with  
a look of death,  
An' the worthless cur that lived on her kept rot-gut  
on his breath;  
While every day she would hunt her prey—then  
give him what she earned,  
An' every night they'd quarrel an' fight, an' th'  
hate she hid still burned.

Th' "Lazy S" had cleaned the range an' th' fall  
beef hunt was done,  
An' th' whole wild bunch had just one hunch—an'  
that was town an' fun.  
So we rambled in, a cravin' sin, an' th' play was  
runnin' high;  
We were blowin' rolls an' riskin' souls an' th'  
limit was the sky!

Old Bonanza's joint was the common point sought  
by the rampsin' kind;  
Th' dance was goin' an' Albert showin' he played  
like hell though blind.  
Th' booze was streamin' an' eyes were gleamin'—  
some a lot too bright—  
For months th' boys'd been holdin' their noise to  
turn it loose that night.

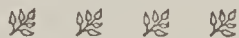
Th' "Breed" was tryin'—though almost dyin'—to  
win a payin' look;  
But we all were shy of her watery eye an' none  
would grab th' hook.  
An' the filthy beast she worked to feast was watch-  
in' while she tried—

At last she turned, too often spurned, an' went to  
his drunken side.

Th' lights were flashin', th' music crashin', an' few  
there saw th' play;  
But a sob we heard—like wounded bird—as th'  
struck "Breed" reeled away!  
She crouched an' pressed her hand to breast—stood  
for a second still;  
Then her blade swung high an' we heard her cry:  
"You dog! At last! I kill!"

As th' "Breed's" swift knife sought th' coyote's life  
Mag sprung between th' two!  
It found her heart! We saw him start—in Mag's  
eyes was a look brand new!  
She murmured "Jim!"—just looked at him—slipped  
from his arms an' fell!  
Then we heard him say: "God! Good God! *It's*  
*May! It was me sent her to hell!*"

A man should die, an' die just once, for a friend,  
it says somewhere;  
But to die for one who black dirt's was just left up  
to her.  
That's what Mag did, an' it can't be hid, though  
she died in a house of sin,  
An' I'm a hopin' some in Kingdom Come we'll find  
that she slid in!



Her hair was red as a burnt sand brick an' her eyes  
were greenish brown,  
An' she could look clean through a buckaroo an'  
make him lay right down;  
Her finger was quick to turn a trick or to pull a  
Colt's an' shoot;  
But her heart was gold if her eye was bold—an'  
*she a prostitute!*

*The*  
Resurrection  
of Skinny Rawlins

*“He forever was a sighin’ an’ was lonesome  
through an’ through—”*

# The Resurrection of Skinny Rawlins

---

**D** ID you ever get to feelin' like you didn't  
give a cuss—  
Just sort of get to tirin' of life's worry an'  
its fuss?  
Did you ever start to thinkin': "Well,  
there ain't a bit of use—  
Th' world is somehow slippin' an' its morals gettin'  
loose?"

It's a feelin' that comes stealin' over us on certain  
days—  
It's a weariness that strikes us when we've made  
some rotten plays;  
It's a line of gloomy thinkin' that is hard to get  
around,  
But a feller's got to quit it or 'twill put him in th'  
ground!

There was Puncher Skinny Rawlins who was al-  
ways gettin' blue,  
He forever was a sighin' an' was lonesome through  
an' through—  
Though th' grass was like a carpet an' th' ev'nin'  
sky was red,  
Yet th' pore deluded mortal kept a wishin' he was  
dead!

Though th' range was wide an' breezy an' th' air  
was like a wine—

Still Skinny kept on actin' as if th' sun would  
never shine;  
Like a steer that's fed on loco an' wanders off  
alone,  
Skinny kept appearin' as if his heart was made of  
stone.

When we'd rampse into Chihuahua with a volley  
an' a yell,  
Skinny'd drag along behind us like he wasn't feelin'  
well;  
When he'd take a jolt of liquor that had ought to  
raise th' dead,  
Th' ornery cuss would splutter an' just sort of  
shake his head!

He just couldn't seem to hanker for a bit of harm-  
less fun,  
An' if a man was ever joyless—well, Skinny, he  
was one!  
Why, Mag she used to josh him, with her clever  
Irish wit—  
He would get so blamed despondent we would have  
to make her quit!

Th' boys would try to cheer him with all th' tricks  
they knew,  
But Skinny wouldn't jolly an' just kept a feelin'  
blue;  
We put sorghum in his saddle an' cactus in his bed,  
But Skinny wouldn't snicker—just kept wishin'  
he was dead!

An' it shore is some affliction to have to ride th'  
range  
An' wrangle long-horn cattle with a guy that acts  
so strange!  
Sometimes you want to kill him an' sometimes you  
want to grin,

But still you'd probably slay him if it wasn't such  
a sin!

When we rambled down to Rincon, to bury "Faro"  
Jones,  
Skinny seemed delighted just to hear th' widow's  
groans—  
As we we filled th' grave with 'dobe Skinny stood  
where he could see,  
He just stood there sort of whinin', "Oh, I wish  
that it was me!"

Well, he kept on growin' sadder an' he he kept on  
gettin' worse—  
He seemed just plumb determin'd to go ridin' in a  
hearse;  
So one day, us boys, we figured that if nothin' else  
would do,  
We would count pore Skinny buried 'till he finished  
bein' blue.

Then we sent right down to Vegas an' bought a  
corpse's box—  
We dug an excavation an' filled th' coffin full of  
rocks;  
We kept it hid from Skinny 'till th' arrangements  
all were made,  
Then we sprung it kind of sudden when our plans  
were fully laid.

We paraded to th' graveyard an' took Skinny right  
along—  
Him not knowin' who th' corpse was or that any-  
thing was wrong;  
He just seemed to be contented to know that death  
was there,  
An' why or who it was we buried he didn't 'pear  
to care!

Then th' boys begun a snufflin' an' actin' mighty  
sad—  
They shorely were pretendin' they were feelin'  
awful bad;  
"Pore Ol' Skinny had to leave us," Charley Saun-  
ders up an' said,  
"I was shocked an' plumb astonished when I heard  
that he was dead!"

"Yes, pore Skinny has departed," while we wept  
an' clawed our eyes,  
"An' by now he is prob'ly herdin' with the angels  
in th' skies!"  
"It's just what he always wanted," murmur'd Par-  
ker sort of low,  
"Still 'twas startlin' an' surprisin' how th' pore  
cuss had to go!"

"Well, he's restin'" Charley whispered, "an' he's  
planted clean an' nice,  
An' I shorely am a hopin' that he ain't a needin'  
ice!"  
So we kept right on a mournin' as if Skinny wasn't  
near,  
An' we scribbled on a head-board: "Skinny's corpse  
is lyin' here!"

Pore Old Skinny stood there list'nin', hardly knowin'  
what to think—  
Stood there watchin' all us mourners 'till we didn't  
dare to wink;  
Then he spoke up sort of husky, while his face  
got awful red:  
"What th' hell are you-all doin'? Do you think it's  
me that's dead?"

Then we looked up kind of startled an' let out a  
screechin' yell—

“Yeow! Skinny’s resurrected sudden—he has  
busted out o’ hell!  
Skinny’s dead an’ doesn’t know it an’ is rampsin’  
’round some more!”  
An’ we beat it for our horses while th’ “corpse”  
just stood an’ swore!

Well, we headed for Bonanza’s, all a laughin’ fit  
to kill—  
Just a thinkin’ of Pore Skinny cussin’ out there on  
th’ hill.  
We’d just had one round of liquor an’ were havin’  
lots of fun,  
When Skinny batted in a snortin’ an’ wavin’ his  
old gun!

He was shore somewhat excited an’ was strictly on  
th’ fight,  
An’ the durn fool started shootin’ without ever  
takin’ sight!  
He was laughin’ like a devil that is tickled quite  
a lot—  
As we went out through th’ windows—not want-  
in’ to be shot!

“So I’m dead an’ nicely planted? Well, just watch  
my forty-four!  
You can’t bury Skinny Rawlins without him a get-  
tin’ sore!”  
He was shorely plumb distracted an’ was seein’  
mighty red,  
He was simply actin’ scand’lous for a guy that’s  
figured dead!

Well, Mag she got him calmer, when he’d caved  
around awhile,  
Then us boys come back again—but it was Skinny  
wore th’ smile!

Since then he's always grinnin', but he says he  
laughed th' most,  
When he "Saw a bunch of punchers just a fleein'  
from a ghost!"

But at that I am contendin' th' ornery, grinnin'  
cuss,  
Would still have been a mopin' if it hadn't been  
for us;  
For it took a healthy funeral to bring Old Skinny  
through—  
An' we had to go an' plant him 'fore he'd quit his  
bein' blue!

# Captain Jack

*"Game to the end, and square."*

*“Nothin’ but genuine horse wrapped up inside of his glistenin’ hide—”*

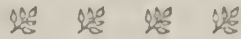
# Captain Jack

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**T**HIS ain't no story of a thoroughbred—  
A prancin' around in a tan-bark ring,  
With ribbons decoratin' his shapely head,  
While 'lectric lights glimmer on ever'-  
thing—

No indeedy! This ain't no story of a "horse show  
hero,"

Nor Kentucky king of a turf-fringed track;  
It's just about a little old bronch I used to know—  
A little old bronch called "Captain Jack."



**W**HEN I think of that little old horse my eyes  
get dim—

Let's see! It's mighty nigh thirty years  
since I rode him

Th' first time that he ever was rode.

How old was he? Well, nobody knowed!

But he'd been bossin' his string of wild brood mares

A full half dozen years an' dodgin' the snares

Th' punchers had been layin' to get his head in  
ropin' throw—

An' it seemed like th' game little devil would al-  
ways know

When a human animal, his natural enemy, was any-  
ways near,

An' he'd lead his bunch in th' get-away—they was  
all as fleet as deer!

He was such a general an' worked so slick

To keep his herd of outlaws free from every trick  
To box-canyon them, or ride them down by swift  
relays,  
That th' boys all knowed him an' 'count of his wise  
old ways,  
'Fore he ever had felt a man on his back,  
They'd up an' christened him "*Old Captain Jack.*"

**B**ERT LILLY, Charley Saunders an' me got him  
to goin'

One day, up on th' East Mesa, without ever  
knowin'

At th' time that some of Old Man Lilly's mares  
were with Old Jack,

An' one of them fillies happened to be a handsome  
black

That was raised on the ranch—gentle, was a kind  
of pet—

If she hadn't been there I guess he'd have been a  
wild horse yet!

All of our mounts were good an' fresh, nifty an'  
keen,

An' th' minute Bert an' Charley an' me all seen  
Th' tame young mare was with th' outlaw's bunch,

We just had a sort of three-cornered hunch

That if once we could get over th' mesa's rim,

Into th' canyon, th' filley—she was full of vim—

Might head for th' ranch an' we could cut them  
into th' wing corral.

We got them down all right and sure enough th'  
scheme worked swell—

Th' mare, runnin' a streak, swung up th' canyon  
toward th' ranch!

Th' stallion stopped, for just a breath, where th'  
trails both branch,

Then like a flash he was fannin' th' wind after th'  
coal black mare—

Straight into th' corral ! So that's the way we got  
Old Jack there;  
An' that just shows he wasn't much different from  
a lot of men—  
For he followed a female critter into a durn tight  
pen!

**C**APTAIN JACK wasn't no great shakes for  
beauty nor stylish grace—

Just a strawberry roan with two stockin' feet  
an' blaze-streaked face,

A dead black tail an' a mane to match, an' lots of  
devil in his flashin' eye,

An' he wasn't so overly big, 'bout fourteen an'  
maybe a half hands high—

But he was every inch horse, from his ear clean  
to the ground,

An' his wind an' limb were smooth, an' his nerve  
was strong an' sound.

You betcher life! There was nothin' but genuine  
horse wrapped up inside of his glistenin' hide!

An' as he batted 'round th' wing corral, Bert 'lowed  
he'd "Shore be lightnin' to hackamore, saddle  
an' ride!"

Well, Charley he figured that he didn't want him—  
nor neither did Bert—

"That he was too blamed ornery an' mean to be  
worth more'n a worn-out quirt!"

But someway I felt sorry for th' game little cuss,  
Smashin' 'round inside th' corral, makin' such a  
fuss

To get outside an' again be free to run on the big  
broad range—

An' I reckon that was nothin' so queer nor pow-  
erful strange,

For I myself was a homeless runt an' called by the  
bunch "Th' Ramblin' Kid"—

So, a feelin' that way I announced if they didn't

want him I shore did!  
Just then Old Man Lilly come ridin' up an' he was  
tickled to death 'cause we had got  
Th' renegade stallion corralled at least—th' cow-  
men wanted th' outlaws shot.  
Th' wicked old brute whipped out his gun an'  
started to pull a drop on Old Jack's head—  
That made me crazy an' I yelled, as I drawed on  
him: "Shoot that horse an' I'll kill you dead!"

**W**ELL, me workin' at th' time for the brash  
old man,  
'Course that trick meant I'd lose my job  
an' have to fan,  
But I didn't care nor give two whoops, for th' range  
was broad an' the world was big—  
Anyway I wasn't th' kind of kid to back-trail nor  
ever renig;  
Besides I was plumb red mad from sombrero top  
to spur—from outside hide to inside core—  
For I never could see a horse brute 'bused by no  
durned man without gettin' devilish sore!  
Then a batty an' fool thing happened—something  
naturally you'd hardly believe—  
I just slid offen my mount, stripped th' saddle an'  
hackamore gear an' with one big heave  
Threwed th' whole outfit, blanket, bridle an' all,  
over th' bars an' into th' wing corral,  
Then climed up an' dropped down inside, on foot,  
with just my rope an' faced that bronch that  
was wild as hell!  
For maybe a second Old Jack stopped, surprised—  
th' boys outside just held their breath—  
Thinkin' I'd shore went clean loco an' was flirtin'  
with certain an' pronto death.  
Then here he come! His mouth wide open! Ears  
laid back! Eyes like coals! Strikin' feet—  
an' lowered head!

I side stepped! Th' rope went true! A quick run  
to th' snubbin' post—a single half-hitch—I'd  
threwed him dead!

Like a flash he hit his feet! Whirled! Give a  
maddened squeal an' come straight back!

I run with th' rope, side windin' once more—yank-  
in' my best to get th' slack!

That time when he went down—well, what's th'  
difference? I won—was safe on deck when  
they let us outside,

An' 'fore we stopped at th' "Hundred an' One,"  
Captain Jack an' me had made a ninety mile  
ride!

Then I knowed I'd found, at last, th' one true an'  
game little hoss—

An' Jack knowed th' Kid he carried was his *friend*  
as well as his boss!

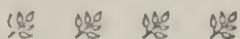
CAPTAIN JACK an' me worked th' whole  
blamed range from th' Raton Hills to  
No-Man's Land;

We ramped around from th' Purgatory  
clean down to th' mean old Rio Grande  
An' them shore were life's most joyous an' happy  
years,

But now they're gone—th' Little Old Horse—th'  
virgin plains—th' broad-horn steers—

'Long with th' smell an' moan of th' herd—th' night  
watch calm 'neath starry skies—

(Shucks! This fool smoke keeps tormentin' my  
dim old eyes!)



Jack an' me were punchin'—straight—with th' Cir-  
cle Bar an' Lazy S—

Trailin' a bunch of restless Texans—'bout six  
thousand head I guess,

From down on th' Lower Pecos, 'long th' line to th'  
Upper Cimmaron.  
Th' herd was down for th' night. Dave an' me  
were on th' grave-yard watch, alone.  
When Parker, th' night boss, shook me out to take  
my turn I hadn't intended to ride Old Jack—  
Aimin' to rest him an' take a sorrel that was in  
my string, but he whinneyed an' I turned  
back  
An' took him—'cause, somehow—well, I was lone-  
some, I reckon, an' anyway I had a kind of  
hunch  
To take him, for there was an uneasy feel to th'  
air an' a tenseness out there among th'  
bunch  
Of wild Texas brutes that made me want to be  
shore of th' horse I rode—  
An' do you know that someway, I've always felt  
like Jack himself knowed  
I was goin' to need just him that night more than  
ever before in all th' years  
We'd been ramblin' 'round together—(It's that  
durned smoke botherin'—them ain't tears!)  
An' I believe, too, th' game Old Boy had a notion  
we were startin' to make our last hard ride—  
So I took him! An' Old Jack did his best—to save  
my life that Little Old Bronch gave his—an'  
died!

**W**E had swung around the herd just once.  
They were bedded down in a sort  
of horse-shoe shape;  
Had passed Dave—was back in th' bend of th' band.  
A thundercap hung a shadow, like crape,  
Over th' crest of Old Eagle Tail. Out to th' east  
there was a sickly glare  
From th' risin' moon. There was a kind of dead,  
sullen hush to th' midnight air—

A sort of silent threat. Then from th' west there  
came a rumble an' one bright streamin' flash,  
Like a cloud of death them Texans were up—an'  
gone! Straight to th' south in their insane  
dash!

An' Jack an' me were caught! Caught fast! No  
chance but to run! To run—run like a  
hound from hell!

To run with th' fear crazed brutes—in that sea of  
horns—an' God help us both if Old Jack fell!

A pair of shots from my forty-four showed Dave I  
was pinched tight in th' heart of th' wild  
stampede—

He didn't dare to try millin' th' herd with me in  
there—all he could do was follow at his  
bronch's best speed!

I just leaned over on Old Jack's neck an' talked to  
him soft an' low:

“Game Old Horse! Good Old Pal! They can't  
get us! Run Old Sport! Now! Get down  
an' go!”

They were crowdin' us—crowdin' us hard; Th' roar  
of th' trampin' feet was like th' thunder of  
a storm-mad sea!

Th' lightnin' was blazin' over there to th' west—  
th' press was fierce—but Jack was runnin'  
strong an' free!

Then a big wild brute just ahead stumbled—hit a  
badger hole—Old Jack tried to clear th'  
horns—

Th' imp of hell throwed up his head! One keen  
point drove deep into Old Jack's breast—  
they were sharp as thorns!

Th' tough little devil just barely flinched from th'  
deadly crash,

An' I leaned lower, slipped my hand under his neck,  
an' felt th' gash—

Then I knowed my Pal was done to death for th'  
blood was spurtin' in a steady stream;

But th' game Old Sport never checked a bit—just lunged right on with still more steam!

**W**ELL, when I felt that ragged wound an' Old Jack's blood gushin' out so fast an' hot,  
I just went locoed crazy an' wished every long-horn steer in th' world was shot!  
Then started pumpin' my forty-four—every time th' old gun popped,  
One of them snortin' murderin' broad-horns just crumbled up an' dropped!  
I knowed they were bound to get Old Jack an' me,  
But 'fore they did I just wanted to see  
How many of th' devils I could kill—  
An' I shot quick an' straight an' with a wicked will!  
So I emptied my gun an' emptied my belt—when she snapped on th' last empty shell,  
Eighteen Lazy S steers had felt my bullets—I'd counted the brutes as each one fell!

**T**HEN I throwed th' gun an' just lopped down on Old Jack's neck an' put my hand over that terrible hole—  
Foolishly thinkin' I'd hold in th' streamin' blood that was drenchin' with agony my boyish soul!  
An' so we rode! All around th' fear-mad steers struggled in a race that was run with death;  
An' my heart was torn with a stabbin' pain as I could hear th' whistle of Old Jack's breath!  
Straight away over th' plain toward th' south where waited th' Arroya Grande—deep an' wide an' dark—  
Around us th' roar of th' rushin' herd—th' moon, up now, ghostly gray—an' once in a while a spark  
From Dave's gun as he followed, doin' his an' his broncho's level best

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To cheer me up, with th' flash of his iron, in that  
killin' supreme test!

Fightin' for breath Old Jack plunged on, me low  
on his neck, blind with rage an' grief an'  
sobbin'—

"It's all right, Old Pal! You're holdin' 'em down!—  
damn 'em!—damn 'em!" ( I could feel his  
body throbbin'!)

"Game Old Jack! Good Old Pard! If they get  
you—I'm with you, Pal!"—an' Old Jack just  
must have heard—

Just must have heard an' understood, even in all  
that rumble—every tremblin' word,

For though he was weakenin' from loss of blood an'  
terrible shudders shook his frame,

An' his wind was comin' in sickenin' gasps—he'd  
pick right up when I'd whisper his name!

On an' on without a check! God! What a race  
for life for a Kid an' Little Old Horse  
to run—

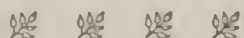
Then—Old Jack stopped! For barely a second! I  
felt him crouch—he stiffened—I thought we  
both were done!—

My God! What a leap! Out an' out! It seemed  
like we would never stop—

Th' earth just faded away—just faded away—in  
a straight down drop!

We were free! We were free of th' wild stam-  
pede! Old Jack had jumped the Arroya  
Grande!

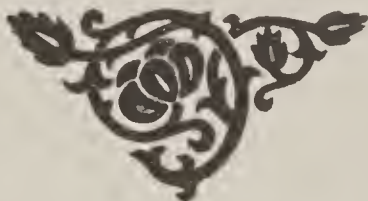
He had jumped that gap in the earth a twenty-  
foot bridge would have barely spanned!



**H**E went to his knees—staggered a reelin' step  
or two—tried to go on—stopped—an'  
fell!

That was the end of our last hard ride—I wasn't

hurt—there ain't much more I care to tell.  
Th' roar grew less an' less, th' herd swerved east—  
up the Arroya—finally drifted away.  
Th' boys found us there—me layin' with my head  
on Old Jack's neck—sobbin'—just at th'  
break of day.  
We buried him—deep—no snarlin' wolf should gnaw  
his bones! An' I—well, I quit th' range,  
but my heart's still there—  
Where I left Little Old Captain Jack, that wasn't  
no "horse show hero"—but was *game to th'*  
*end an' square!*



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